

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

VOLUME I. NUMBER 3.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1909

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Some Mighty Promising Ore

Assayer Fred C. Miles was in receipt recently of what is perhaps the richest and most promising ore ever brought to Wrangell. It is a heavily mineralized chalcopyrite assaying 29 percent copper with values in the precious metals probably enough to pay for cost of production and treatment.

The ore comes from the property of the Northland Development Co. on Big Harbor near Klawack, of which company P. A. Tucker is the manager. The company has been going in on the lead all winter every foot of the way in ore so rich that the men have averaged a production of from fifty to seventy-five dollars per day each.

The intention of the company at this time is to sink a 100 foot shaft on the lead and ascertain if the ore continues in value to that depth. If it does, with the amount of ore known to be above the present tunnel, the company has a property as good as anything in the whole of Alaska.

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Fleischman Party Returns

Thoroughly satisfied with their bag of six fine bear skins, the Fleischman party returned on the cruiser Taku last night after an absence of nearly a month. The season was so backward that for the first couple of weeks out not a sign of a bear was discovered and the time was spent cruising around waiting for them to come out.

Mrs. Fleischman has the glory of the first bear, killing two, both cinnamons' within a few minutes of each other, one of them being very large.

The party will leave for the states on the Seattle which should arrive before noon tomorrow.

Antone Bergseth, engineer on the prospector, was brought to town on the launch Alaska Chief for medical treatment. While at work on the engines of the vessel his hand was caught and the fingers smashed.

Word reached town on a recent steamer that ex-Mayor Peter C. Johnson expected to return to Wrangell, his first and only love, sometime within the next month.

LET'S CELEBRATE

The "Glorious Fourth" is only one month ahead, and to determine whether or not Wrangell will celebrate there will be a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce at the rooms in the Patenaude building, Friday evening, June 4, at 8 o'clock sharp, to which all citizens are requested and urged to be present.

DON'T FORGET

A. V. R. SNYDER
President Chamber of Commerce

Here And There In The North

The Yukon river is open as far down as Five Finger rapids.

Harlan Updegraff, head of the Indian Bureau of Education for Alaska has resigned. No reason is given for his unexpected action.

The steamer Yucatan has been selected as the vessel to bring President Taft and his party north on their visit to Alaska. She will be thoroughly renovated and refitted for the trip. The intention is to leave Seattle August 22.

Twelve new school houses will be erected by the government during the present season in different parts of Alaska.

The Corwin arrived at Nome May 29. She carried the first mail and supplies of the season. As usual her arrival at the northern metropolis was made the occasion of a general holiday.

The "first sailings" of the Nome fleet took place from Seattle Tuesday of this week. Every inch of available space, both passenger and freight, was taken.

Joseph Williams, a native, living at Kake, was drowned by falling overboard into the harbor at Juneau.

The annual baseball war is being waged in the northern end of the district. Thus far Douglas seems to be having a little the best of it.

Bishop Innocent of Sitka, head of the Russian Church in Alaska, was decorated with the Order of Valdmir, on the Czar's birthday, May 20th.

Watson & Sow who have the contract for extending the Alaska Central Railroad are still shipping in laborers to Seward. On her last trip the steamer Northwestern carried north 50 men to work on the road.

Two armoured cruisers will join the fleet of revenue cutters in patrol duty around the small islands of the Pribiloff group in Bering sea. The A. C. Company at Unalaska has secured the contract to supply the fleet with fresh meats, and for this purpose much live stock will be shipped there.

Goes to See Boy Graduate

"Chips" Cole was a passenger north on the Seattle, Tuesday, headed for Juneau, where he goes to attend the graduation exercises of the High School at that place. Tom Cole, "Chips" eldest son, is one of the graduates this year, and that it is which takes "Chips" so far away from home. Everybody Wrangell knows Tom and has a good word for him.

Dolphin Loses Her Wheel

The Dolphin, which is fortunately a twin screw, met with what might have been a serious accident on her way down from Skagway. As she was leaving Haines, in some way the lock nuts off one of her propellers had become loosened and the propeller dropped off. The engine thus relieved of all its load started to race, and some lively moving was done to get it shut down before any damage was done. An examination followed, and the discovery was made that the propeller was missing, and the vessel proceeded on her way with only one engine working, which accounted for her being so far behind her schedule.

And the Ship Passed in the Night

It was a somewhat disgruntled Ike Sowerby that came down the gang plank of the Dolphin Monday on her arrival here. Ike is the good natured agent of the Alaska Steamship Co. at Juneau, and if he has one failing more than several others, it is "goin' fishin'." And thereby hangs a tail. He had it all dayed out to take a trip down from Juneau to the lower end of Admiralty Island to go fishing with "Bill" Yarnhill and a bunch of other good fellows. They left for their destination in a gas boat, and Ike was to come down Sunday afternoon on the Dolphin. The fates were against him, however, for the Dolphin was behind time and didn't arrive at the point where the others were to take Ike off the steamer until long after midnight. It was blowing, and of course raining a little, so nothing happened when the Dolphin tooted her whistle, and Ike was given a free pass to Wrangell, where he waited until the next day and took the Seattle for home again.

Job Printing at The Sentinel.

F. MATHESON

Department Store

Jewelers, Forwarders, News Agents

Big Stock Carried of

Groceries, Hardware, and Furnishing Goods

Fresh Fruits, Candies, and all Staple Lines

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Postcards and Curios a Specialty

Extensive line of

Ladies New Spring Waists

Has just been received

Come and See Them

We Will Treat You Right

The Big CITY STORE

DAVID SINCLAIR, Proprietor

Has secured this space to tell you about all the good things they are selling at such reasonable prices!

keep your eye on it
for bargains

Note and Comment

Everything will be made of cement by and by.

Perhaps the only sure way to beat a tax on inheritances will be not to die.

Save your old wastebaskets. A little trimming will convert them into fashionable spring hats.

Even classic Boston butts into the municipal corruption procession with a million-dollar graft case.

Mr. Binns, the wireless hero, was fittingly given a ride in a horseless carriage when he reached home.

There is a post office in Nebraska named Tonie, but it is not believed that the postmaster took the office for his health.

English women are in prison for attempting to see Premier Asquith. Judging by his pictures he is not much of a sight, either.

The Treasury Department is to change the pictures on the greenbacks. Most of us will continue to have the same designs on them, however.

Princes George and Alexander of Servia have traded names, but the people of Servia are busy hoping each may have retained his own character.

No matter how high prices of bricks may be boosted by a combine of manufacturers, it is not probable that the practice of throwing them will be rendered less popular.

A Missouri judge decides that when a man merely does the chores around the house he is not working. That will hold some men for a while, I think they are models of industry.

Prominent citizens who are figuring on taking luncheon with the new President will learn with deep regret that Mr. Taft takes only an apple for lunch, and does not leave any core.

A well-to-do merchant of New Castle, Pa., wrote a scathing letter to his wife and she committed suicide. When he heard of it, he collapsed and was taken to a hospital. How much nicer kindness and forbearance are!

What is heroism, after all, but doing in exceptional circumstances what would be plain duty in ordinary circumstances? It is the one who habitually does the second that fills the bill when given a chance at the first.

A young woman in New York eloped with a gentleman and was greatly surprised to find that she had become the stepmother of nine children by that act. Therefore she deserted her new husband. Is there no romance possible for a widower with children?

While he was on his way home from a bull fight recently King Alfonso of Spain stopped for the purpose of laying the corner stone of a free soup kitchen for the poor. He was probably actuated by a desire that there should be a fitting disposition of the remains of the bulls killed in the ring.

Mother Shipton's alleged prophecy, so long regarded as the most wonderful prediction ever uttered until it was proved to have been a "fake," failed to provide for the automobile, although she did foretell the steam locomotive. But the automobilist's case was anticipated many centuries before. See Nahum, chapter 2, verse 4: "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like the lightnings."

"Passengers riding on the platforms do so at their own risk," according to the rule of almost all street railways, and the statement is by no means a mere form of words. A Boston lad stepped from a car in order that two women might alight. As he boarded it again the car started suddenly, and he was injured. He sued the company and got a verdict, but the Supreme Court of Massachusetts has set it aside on the ground that "by voluntarily becoming a passenger on a car so crowded that he could not get inside, he took the risks incident to transportation under these circumstances." It seems hard that an act of courtesy should lead to misfortune, and that this in turn should be met with a "served you right," but such warnings are meant to discourage not the practice of courtesy, but the assumption of unnecessary risks.

President Taft, according to the omniscient newspapers, is helping Mrs. Taft to make the White House a home. The idea is that these good Americans

are going to try to live in the White House as they would if it were their private property, to relegate business to the executive office buildings, to diminish the ceremonious trappings of high position, and make their friends feel "at home." There are difficulties in the way. A public official, no matter where he lives, must resign himself to having his parlor turned into a conference-room. One of the most retiring of distinguished American women recently complained that her house had become a public institution. Moreover, no American, shifting and restless as we are, ever feels quite at home in a house hired or borrowed, for a limited time. It lacks the extra bay window that we put on ourselves, and the "ellum-tree" in the front yard that father planted.

The British chancellor of the exchequer is said to be working sixteen hours a day to contrive ways and means to meet an estimated deficit of sixty-five million dollars in his coming budget. Among the means under consideration are increased license duties, income tax and land tax. Doubtless the new secretary of the American treasury has a fellow feeling with Mr. Lloyd-George, though he has no responsibility for raising revenue to meet the deficiency. That is the business of congress. On both sides of the ocean there seems to be more thought of raising new revenue than of reducing expenditures. Over there they attribute the deficit to old age pensions, which will require nearly forty-five million dollars, though the responsibility might well be shared with increased army and navy requirements. Here we might in the same spirit charge the coming deficit to Civil War pensions, which require more than the largest estimate made of it. We cannot pretend, two generations after the end of the war, that these are anything than a special form of old age pensions. Nevertheless we think that the American people would disband the army and hang up the navy before they would allow the pension list to be touched. Whether we admit it or not, every form of public pensions or other care for the old or poor or helpless is a recognition of the obligation of modern civilization to take charge of the poor it makes. Orphanages and homes for the aged and hospitals as well as almshouses express the sense of this obligation on the part of private founders as well as the state. The industrial civilization by which alone increasing millions can be maintained on the earth's surface produces inevitably extremes of riches and poverty. Privation and suffering intolerant to modern humanity can be prevented only by some form of distribution of the excess among the deficient. They who cry out most loudly against the heresies of Socialism recognize this necessity in other ways.

THE "BELL" OF 1909.



Louisville Times.

A Burdened Man.

A certain small boy in grade number six was rapidly assuming manly ways. Not long ago, says a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, there was to be an entertainment at his school. Songs, recitations and a grab-bag were the principal features. The small boy waxed eloquent of the coming glories of this show, and more especially of the part he was to take.

On the morning of the entertainment his mother suggested that he should take his little sister, about four years old, with him. He hung his head.

"Don't you want to take her?" his mother asked.

"No, I don't," he answered.

"Why not?"

"Cause there ain't none of the other fellers has to bring their children," was the reply.

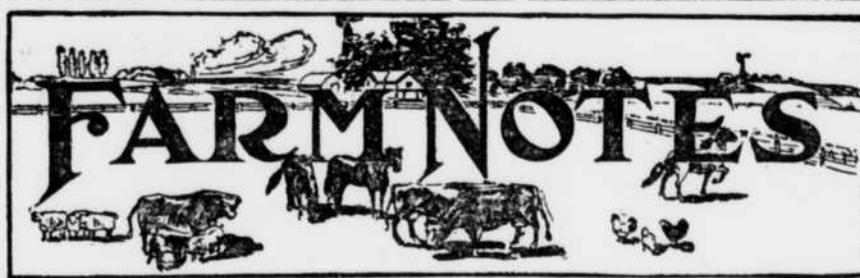
Varying Impressions.

"The days are growing longer," said the man who keeps a lookout for the first robin.

"I don't notice any difference," said Sirius Barker; "they seem, as usual, to be getting longer if you count from one pay day to the next, and shorter if you figure the time between rent days." —Washington Star.

If you want to be of assistance to a friend in trouble, do not say, "I'm sorry." That will not help him any, but it may bore him.

The family with a 16-year-old boy in the house has no earthly use for a thirty-six volume encyclopedia.



Barn for Mixed Farming.

The farmer who can so adjust his work that he may dispense with the help of one man is lucky indeed, but many a farmer has done so by simply changing his system of feeding and caring for the stock; also by so disposing of the grain and hay that instead of hauling many tons of it to market it is fed on the farm, and the beef, pork, butter, cheese, etc., sold. This allows the farmer to restore to the ground at least a part of the fertility in the shape of manure.

The barn plan shown herewith in the two illustrations, the ground plan and the perspective view, is so arranged that one man may feed and care for the stock in a short time. As shown on the floor plan, the barn will accommodate fourteen cows, twelve horses, has box stalls for both the cows and horses, also a large calf pen. The installation of manure carriers and hay fork is very easy, and these will soon pay for themselves in the labor saved. A feature of the barn not to be overlooked is the arrangement of the feed room and silo. The four-foot chute extends the entire length of the silo, and has small win-

own views of the matter. However, it is wise to so build them that the stall may be easily cleaned and washed. This construction will comply with all sanitary requirements of inspectors. The floor of the horse stable may be of cement or clay.

The location, the local supply of materials, etc., will of course govern to a certain extent the material entering the construction of any building, and, in fact, all buildings. The barn as shown is twelve feet to the eaves and thirty-eight feet to the peak; the silo is thirty-eight or forty feet high.

The barn should, of course, have a good foundation of stone, brick, or cement. On many farms it has been the practice to build a small shed here and there and the stock is scattered all over the farm. This causes an unnecessary lot of labor to care for them; also an unsightly appearance to the surroundings. In constructing a barn of this sort it will not be necessary to do all the work before the same may be used, but a portion of it may be left until time and perhaps your purse will allow it to be finished. —Wallace's Farmer.

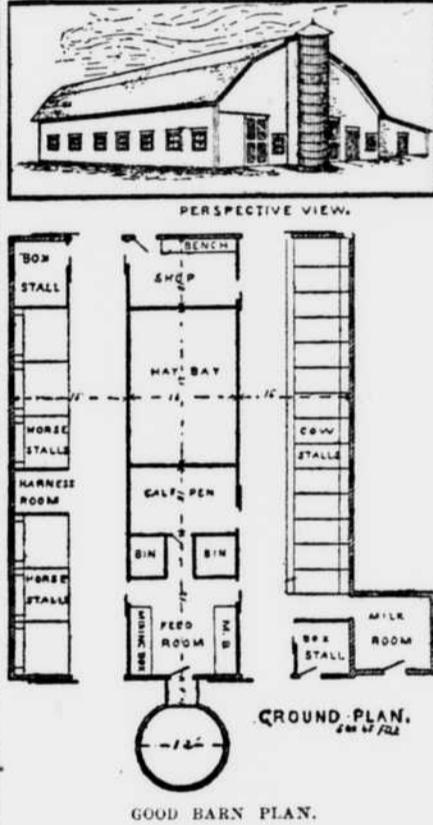
Feeding of Eggs.

Hens will not refuse to lay providing the conditions which surround them are favorable for egg production. Of course, a hen cannot keep on laying all the time, nor will some hens lay even for a majority of the time, but the farmer who provides the correct conditions of housing, feeding and general management will find that he will not be entirely without eggs at any time of the year. Of course, it is not the hen's nature to lay at this time of the year, but if she is comfortably housed and well fed, the farmer will find that the hen after all really has little sentiment as to just which season she shall produce her eggs.

Getting eggs is not entirely a matter of feeding, yet if we feed correctly the hens will not have that as an actual obstacle to laying. Maturity and vigor are two important things in the hens that are to be heavy winter layers. Keep the hens in a thrifty, vigorous condition, and be sure and feed a variety. These things count for a great deal toward success. Corn, oats and wheat are the three principal grain feeds, but there are others that may well be fed by way of variety and the meat and green stuff in some form should never be neglected. Give any kind of meat scraps or prepared meat foods, as it pays. Try to keep the hens under conditions as near like those in existence at spring time as you can, and you will not suffer severely from an egg famine. This is nothing impossible, and briefly, only means comfortable housing, a variety of feeds, green stuff and meat scraps, and sanitary quarters.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Small Temporary Smokehouse.

If one butchers only once a year, says a correspondent of Farm and Home, it is not necessary to build an expensive smokehouse, for almost as good



dows for light, a tight door below separating same from the feed room to keep out dust and odors. The silage is dropped down this chute, and from there shoveled to the mixing boxes—one for the cows and one for the horses. There are two bins in the feed room and two more may be located on the floor above and connected by small spouts for drawing off the grain. These spouts may be located directly over the mixing boxes. All hay is supposed to be fed from above, one hay chute being provided for each two stalls.

The milk room being located as it is, the milk may be taken to it at once. In this room should be located the separator; also plenty of clean water; if possible running water should be provided. The shop is a very necessary room, and it will save many small repair bills. In it may be stored the nails, bolts, etc. In the horse barn the harness room is located in the center, which makes it handy to all parts of the same. The two box stalls provide room for both male animals as well as sick and ailing ones.

The hay bay is supposed to be open clear to the roof. However, some farmers may wish to arrange this space different. The partition separating the cows from the center section is boarded or plastered up tight, except the calf pen, to separate the cows from any odors, dust or dirt from the other animals. The box stalls, however, in both the cow and horse barn are so constructed that the inmates may have a good view of the other animals. They like company, and will do better if they can see their neighbors.

The floors of the cow stable, the milk room, feed room and silo are of cement, the gutter being formed in the floor and having a four-inch drain at the rear leading to the manure pit. The stalls are made to fit both long and short cows. The first stall in front is four feet wide and five feet long. The rear stall is three feet six inches wide and four feet eight inches long. The stalls then slope from front to the rear, each stall being slightly shorter. Stalls are now constructed in so many different ways that it is hardly worth while to mention them, every cow man having his

results can be obtained from a device such as the one shown herewith. It is made by taking both ends out of a barrel and mounting it upon a box or above a fireplace in the ground. The meat to be smoked is hung from the sticks laid across the top of the barrel, the fire built underneath and the lid put on.

Destruction by Rats.

There are those who declare that nothing is created in vain, and that rats and mice are in some way a benefit to mankind. It is hard to see just how. The statistician of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington computes that they create \$15,000,000 damage a year. That is the real money damage, saying nothing of the annoyance. As an offset, the rat catchers of the world sell about \$1,000,000 worth of skins per year, and the furriers work them and sell them for five times that sum. It is estimated that a full-grown rat will eat six bushels of corn per year.

BRIGANDS OF TONKIN.

Lives of Native Soldiers Too Precious to Risk Against Them.

The outlaws of Tonkin whom the French called pirates, are, properly speaking, brigands, who infest the country both on land and water.

One of their resorts is the province of Bacninh, where they have just murdered a French officer. There the brigands openly and successfully defy the forces of the government. Long immunity in that quarter has made them numerous and formidable. This need arouse no wonder, considering that the troops in the field consist of native soldiers whose lives are too precious to be risked in frontal attacks on brigand fastnesses.

Just before the murder of the officer a band of brigands made its appearance on the railway line between Hanol and Bacninh and inflicted loss on some native levies who encountered them. Upon this the resident went for a detachment of native regulars to deal a blow at the enemy. The troops met the brigands entrenched in a village, one house in which they had turned into a fortress, so to speak.

The commander of the troops found himself in a fix. To send the regulars across the open to carry the stronghold by storm, under heavy fire from the brigands, meant heavy loss and certain death to many of his men to little purpose. The only alternative was to blow up the house along with its garrison. But this resource failed him from no explosives being at hand. The result was that the brigands escaped.

The Haiphong paper rightly wonders why the troops in the field are not supplied with melinite bombs. Such engines of destruction would save much loss of life among the soldiery operating against the brigands.

Yet no bombs are supplied to the troops, though the brigands have often defied them safely from fortified houses, which the troops would not attack from fear of loss of life not worth while to incur against outlaws.

The result of this weak-kneed policy is that the brigand bands in that section of Tonkin increase steadily in numbers and strength. Pessimists say that in time they will become too many to be terrified by melinite bombs.—South China News.

NEW PRESIDENT OF DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION



MRS. MATTHEW T. SCOTT.

Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, elected national president of the Daughters of the American Revolution, has been prominent in the society for many years and has carried on an aggressive fight for the presidency, against reports that she was physically incapacitated for the duties of the office. She has been supported by the outgoing officers of the society and by the Illinois members, her home being in Bloomington, Ill. She comes from distinguished revolutionary stock on both her father's and mother's side. As vice president general from Illinois her services on the national board have been notable and she has been a leader in Illinois. Mrs. Scott is the widow of a coal mine owner and the mother of Mrs. Bromwell, wife of Colonel Charles S. Bromwell, for the last four years in charge of government buildings in Washington.



It makes no difference how much a man may like his friends, he likes them a little less if they make suggestions to him of ways for parting with his money.

WHEN BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN.

Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass grows green on the plain,
And the alder's veins turn crimson—
And the birds go north again.

Oh, every heart has its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember
If courage be on the wane.
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds go north again.
—Ella Higginson.

A Subtle Explanation

Chiffon Carroll looked carefully about the room—nothing had been forgotten. Closing her satchel, she turned to leave, when the sound of muffled sobbing came to her ears. She listened intently, then impulsively crossed the wide hall, and rapped at the opposite door. In answer to a low "come," she entered, and was surprised to find, on a couch before the dozing fire, the woman who, six months before, had become her father's wife. From the first Chiffon had been determined not to like her, but the older woman's gentleness and sweetness of disposition were beginning to make an impression.

"I am not dressing for dinner tonight, Jane. I shall not go down; I am too sad and my head aches," came in muffled tones from the pillows.

Deft fingers loosened the heavy masses of hair, and a gentle, penetrating massage followed. The surprised sufferer raised her eyes, catching her breath with a little half-sob as she saw it was not her maid, but the one whose love she despised of gaining.

"This is very sweet of you, Rose, dear," she said gently.

"Indeed, I want to make you more comfortable," answered a soothing voice. "I cannot bear that any one should suffer. Why are you so miser-



"WHY SPECULATE ANY LONGER?"

able, Mrs. Carroll? Is your son worse to-day?"

"Mrs. Carroll! Is that the only name you can find in your heart to call me, dear? I wonder if you will ever call me mother? I have always longed for a daughter; your own dear mother could be no more tender than I would be if you would only open your heart to me."

"I really care for you," answered the girl, kissing her warmly. "Won't you call me Chiffon? Those I love call me by that name."

"Such a dainty pet name! I have not dared to use it. Do you think, Chiffon, that your father's heart is not big enough for us both? I would not take one iota of his love from you."

The proud head was gently lowered as Chiffon's arm crept around the other's neck, and as their tears mingled the barrier was gone forever.

"Mother, why do you not bring your boy here? Surely your home should be his. Let him have my rooms, they are the sunniest. I shall be gone a month; by that time he may be able to move to the suite above. How long is it since he was injured?"

"He has been in the hospital nine months, his horse fell on him and his spine was hurt. The surgeons promise a complete cure, but the waiting is so tedious, and the suspense almost unbearable."

"Will you accept my offer?" asked Chiffon. "My visit will be happier if you do."

"I gladly accept, dear. Phillip never would have come without your invitation."

"What a sensitive boy!" exclaimed Chiffon. "Give him my warmest sympathy and tell him I feel that we shall be warm friends. I will help to

SIGNAL CODE OF TRAMPDOM



EADERS of stories about the tramp and his ways are, perhaps, inclined to take what they read with a grain of salt, but this much may be said with a certainty: Tramps do have a system of signs and symbols, by which they communicate with their brethren on the road. When the New York police recently opened the new municipal lodging house they discovered in the process of moving from the old building a piece of paper, apparently left behind by some forgotten lodger. Some peculiar characters on the paper attracted notice, and an examination of the accompanying handwriting, which, by the way, bore evidence that the writer had at one time been a man of culture and training, showed that the hieroglyphics were none other than a code of signals of trampdom. That these signs are used by the tramp fraternity is well known to those who dwell in country districts. They have often noticed strange marks, meaningless to them, gracing their gate-post or barnyard fence. It is the language of the tramp, to whom each sign has its own meaning. The accompanying cut is a reproduction of the signs and interpretations found in the New York municipal lodging house.

It is not a difficult task, in examining some of these hieroglyphics, to see why they should have been selected. At any rate, one may hazard a guess on the subject. There is the symbol used to inform the fraternity of an arrest; it represents prison bars, no doubt. Notice the warning that a dog is in the garden; by a stretch of the imagination the rectangular figure might be taken to denote a garden, and the queer little figure inside, with the four vertical lines, might very well be the dog itself. "Work here" is also open to amateur analysis. The cross probably refers to the saw horse, commonly used in chopping wood, while the other symbol might conceivably indicate the saw, although it would be hard to convince many that a saw built on such lines would prove an effective implement, even in the hands of the most skillful hobo.

"Get out of the town as quick as possible" is self-explanatory. Seemingly, when tramps set eyes on that token, theirs is not to reason why, but merely to leave the arrows far behind. The symbols for "no use" and "you can get food" were probably chosen for their simplicity; if any other significance attaches to them, it is unknown except to the favored few. But the amateur investigator reaches the end of his rope when he tackles the symbols which tell the reader to "pick a yarn," because there are "women in the house." Apparently, "women in the house" is good news to the tramp with a tearful hard luck story to relate. But whatever bearing these particular symbols may have on the matter is not to be answered.—Montreal Star.

amuse him when I come back; does he

been properly introduced I might offer to assist you to assimilate them?"

"He is very fond of company," answered his mother, "but is very sensitive about the crutches he is obliged to use."

Chiffon had anticipated no end of a good time. Although she was entertained continually her heart yearned for home, and at the end of three weeks she surprised them by returning unannounced.

"How is our invalid?" was her first question, after affectionately greeting her father and mother.

"Improving every day," answered her mother; "you must see him after dinner. He is anxious to thank you, although he said it would be rank presumption to accept the use of four rooms, and occupies those above yours."

"What an unusually thoughtful boy!" laughed Chiffon.

Immediately after dinner she ran over the stairs to the invalid's apartments, armed with two of Henry's newest books for boys, which she had brought home from the city; also a bound volume of St. Nicholas Magazines. As she entered the room, in answer to a deep "come in," a scarlet flame rushed from the proud chin, losing itself in the fluffy pompadour.

For the first time since she could remember, Chiffon Carroll was not equal to the emergency, and stood staring into the eyes of a young man of twenty-six years, who arose to meet her. She had expected to find herself in the presence of a fourteen-year-old boy.

"Where are your crutches?" she gasped.

"Thrown away forever. I hope Aren't you going to congratulate me and tell me that you are glad?"

"But you are so tall and so old," she faltered.

"A veritable Methusaleh! A modern Goliath!" he responded smilingly.

"I thought to find a little boy," she hesitated.

"And are you very sorry?"

"Not exactly sorry, but awfully embarrassed and ashamed," she laughed; "and I had no reason in the world for my supposition excepting that your mother is so young and beautiful."

"The matter is all of that," he acquiesced tenderly. "I believe she married at seventeen."

"I have brought you some solid mental food," said Chiffon, demurely handing him the books. "If we had

been properly introduced I might offer to assist you to assimilate them?"

Philip Calvert threw back his handsome head, and laughed for the first time since his accident.

"How unchivalrous! But perhaps you prefer muggins, or old maids," she continued, taking a pack of cards from the table and looking at him with dancing eyes. "Why, you are standing! and yesterday was the first time that you had stood alone."

"By Jove, I had forgotten!" he exclaimed.

"Lie down immediately, and I will skim through the paper if you like. What shall it be—the stock market first?"

"If you please," he answered, not caring a rap what she read, as long as he could watch the soft flush on her cheeks come and go, and meet her eyes occasionally.

Mrs. Carroll was much surprised to find them thus costly ensconced. She had wondered at Chiffon's disappearance and was feeling a trifle hurt that she had not been invited to visit the invalid.

Philip maintained a prudent silence, while Chiffon, with evident embarrassment, explained the situation.

"Is it all right that I should read, a little, to Mr. Calvert?"

"It is evidently all right," answered Mrs. Carroll, looking understandingly into Philip's animated face. "The stock market has acted as a tonic."

Chiffon was an excellent horsewoman, and it was not long before she was allowed to drive Philip out.

The young man chafed under his affliction. Naturally an athlete, he longed for activity. One day still another famous surgeon was summoned in consultation.

That evening when Chiffon made her daily visit she found a morose listener. At last Philip took the paper gently from her, saying:

"It's no use, Chiffon. I have not heard one word. I can't listen tonight. I want to talk to you. I can walk very well now, and the gruff old fellow who was here to-day promises that German baths will affect a permanent and speedy cure. Still, I won't go abroad alone."

"Such a thing would be very indiscreet at least. I fancy your mother would go with you," she answered.

"I should not think of allowing her to leave her new-found happiness." Then, wistfully, "I thought, perhaps, that some one whose sweetness and admirable womanly inconsistencies

have warmed my heart into new life, some one whose precious encouragement in hours of despair has been unspeakable consolation, comforting me and giving hope when I had grown morbid and felt myself a being apart—I thought, Chiffon, that this dear girl might marry me and take in the continent at a wedding journey." Then, continuing with nervous rapidity: "I knew if I saw her, day after day, she would become the life of my life. But how was a poor cripple to run away from his fate even if he was so inclined? Sometimes she whom I love is the embodiment of tenderness; at other times, I feel that her heart is adamant."

His forlornness appealed to her. She relented at memories of her own duplicity, little elusive acts that went to hide her love for him from his watchful eyes. Then, after a silence, she said demurely:

"Why speculate any longer, Philip? Why not ask her? I assure you that she loves you, dear."—Grit.

IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE

The Irritated Customer Found Cause to Modify Her Judgment.

Rosamond had gone to the office of one of the managers of a big department store, seeking redress in the matter of an unsatisfactory purchase.

The manager quietly took notes as Rosamond rather indignantly stated her grievance. Then he asked a few questions, and when she had answered, he said, courteously:

"I must ask you to wait while the matter is looked into. I shall have to send a statement of the case down to the head of the department, and have him take it up with the clerk who waited upon you."

He touched a button as he spoke and gave the notes he had made, with a few directions, to the youth who answered the summons.

Rosamond tapped the floor with an impatient foot. She felt that, considering the fault was entirely with the store, it was unfair not to settle the matter at once in her favor without so much unnecessary red tape.

After fifteen minutes' waiting she was about to express her feelings to the manager, who was apparently engrossed with the papers on his desk, and demand more speedy action, when a young saleswoman entered the office in a hesitating manner. There was a sweet but shy eagerness in her face as she approached the desk that attracted Rosamond at once.

"What is it, Miss Snell?" asked the manager, looking up for the merest instant.

"I wanted to—to ask you, if to-morrow I should come down an hour earlier and not take any nooning—if you could let me go home at 4 o'clock?"

"Why do you wish to leave work at such an unusual hour? Is there any special reason?"

"Well, my best friend is going to be married to-morrow night at 7 o'clock, and I wanted to be home early to have plenty of time to get ready for the wedding, for I'm going to be the bridesmaid."

"Have you ever been a bridesmaid?" asked the manager, turning over the papers which he was examining.

"No, sir, I never have before, but Mabel is my best friend, and I—"

"And you'd like to be her bridesmaid and see what it's like." The manager raised his head and smiled at the girl. "Well, if you come down an hour earlier in the morning, we'll try to get along without you in the afternoon. You may go home at 12."

"Oh, the whole afternoon! Thank you so much. I'll be here at half-past 7 sure."

Rosamond smiled at the lightness of the feet that ran out of the office back to work.

"I was so afraid you wouldn't let her go home early. I could hardly keep still," she said, impulsively; and the manager gave her a swift, pleasant smile, the like of which he had bestowed upon the little saleswoman.

"Even in the daily grind of the shop there should be room for some pleasure for the young," he said. "Are you getting tired of waiting?"

"I won't wait longer. I'll leave the matter to you. Whatever you do will be all right, I know. But please don't let the head of the department be hard on the clerk who sold me the goods. I've just thought that maybe I was careless in making my selection."—Youth's Companion.

Natural.

"She's a very natural girl."

"So?"

"Yes, whenever she's invited out to dine she never thinks of taking the smallest piece of meat in sight, but helps herself to as much as she would eat if she were at home."—Detroit Free Press.

Luck.

"Have you had good luck with your automobile?"

"Wonderful luck. Succeeded in selling it last week."—Washington Star.

It is said that no one is smart enough to always put the word "only" in the right place.

FATE OF CURIOUS COUGARS.

Big Washington Cats That Were Inclined to Be Too Observing.

Several weeks ago a cougar, measuring over eight feet in length, followed Miss Mary Burr, the teacher of the School of Messengers, in the edge of the Rainier forestry reserve, from near the schoolhouse until she met with a forestry ranger, who, with others, subsequently ran down and killed the animal. Saturday Miss Burr went to visit a neighbor, and suddenly became aware that another cougar was following her. She first saw the animal ahead of her, but later she saw it in the path behind. She hurried ahead to her destination, and a hunting party composed of J. V. Cook and A. Fenton, with several dogs, started in pursuit.

The dogs found the trail of the cougar, and after following a short distance treed it. Cook shot and wounded the animal, which dropped to the ground and was pounced upon by the dogs. It instantly killed one of the dogs with its terrible claws and teeth, though Cook and Fenton were both trying to shoot it, but in the scuffle between it and the dogs found but little opportunity to do so without shooting the dogs. Before finally mortally wounded the animal had nearly killed another of the dogs.

The cat measured nearly eight feet, being not quite so large as the cat killed several weeks ago. Neither of the cougars attempted any depredations, their chief objects being apparently to satisfy their curiosity to follow and observe people.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.



DROWSINESS.

Sleepiness is a normal and healthy condition when it occurs at the usual bedtime and when not extreme and overpowering. But it is not always associated with sleep. Some persons in perfect health and excellent sleepers hardly know the meaning of drowsiness; they are active mentally and physically until they are in bed; then sleep comes at once, and when it leaves them in the morning they are again in full mental awareness.

There are less fortunate persons who never have a complete and satisfactory night's rest who are yet almost constantly drowsy; they are always nodding, but when the head touches the pillow sleep recedes, and the night is a succession of drowsy lapses to sleep with the instant return of semi-consciousness.

In general, with the exception noted at the beginning of this article, drowsiness is abnormal, and indicates something wrong either in the body or the sufferer or in his habits. Those who habitually cut off their hours of sleep, the "night owls" and the burners of the midnight oil, pay for their bad habit by attacks of sleepiness in the afternoon and early evening; later, unfortunately, after the influence of digestion wears off, the drowsiness disappears, and then, relieved of his burden, the person "sits up to all hours" again, thinking in that way to make up for the hours lost by the drowsiness. If he would abandon his owlish habit, go to bed betimes, and get the seven or eight hours of continuous sleep that he needs, his daytime and evening drowsiness would disappear, he could do more and better work, and find life much more enjoyable.

A slight drowsiness is often noticed after a hearty meal, because active digestion draws a greater volume of blood to the stomach so that the brain is relatively poorly supplied. In some southern countries this tendency is favored, and the siesta after the noon meal is a national custom. With us the after-dinner cup of black coffee often drives away the impulse to sleep—whether for good or ill may be left to the physiologists to determine.

Sometimes we hear of attacks of sleepiness occurring suddenly at certain periods of the day or at irregular intervals. These are altogether abnormal, and in such cases there is almost always some poison at work in the nervous centers—usually a self-manufactured poison which, because it is made in too great quantity, or because constipation or kidney disease prevents its rapid elimination, accumulates in the system.

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

RICHARD BUSHELL, JR., Editor and Proprietor

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AN AGE OF FORGETTERS

The small attendance of men at the Decoration Day exercises at Redmen's Hall, Monday, does not speak very well for the adult male population of Wrangell. Practically every place of business in the town was closed, so that the cry of "honor" cannot be raised in defense and still there were less than a dozen men present on this, the day that next to July 4th, is the day Americans should revere; a day as it is and should be, set aside for thought of and respect for those men who, forgetting all else offered their lives that this mighty land of ours should be in fact as well as in name, the land of the free and the home of the brave. That is the heritage they left us, purchased at the highest price men can pay, human lives.

We of today, the American people taken as a whole, for Wrangell is no different than the rest of the world, seem to have forgotten to a large degree what those men did for us, and leave the honoring of the "Noble Dead," like we do our religion, to our women and children. Such a condition is a disgrace to us individually and nationally, and we, one and all should register a vow to ourselves and to our country, that we will forget the juggernaut, "Business," for at least one day in the year, and spend a few hours on that day in reverence of the mighty deeds of the soldier dead.

Another example of the forestry reserve regulations as applied to Alaska, was brought to our attention this week. Claudio Hanthern superintendent of the Santa Anna cannery, in getting ready for the coming season's work, made the discovery that he needed a few piles to replace those the toredos had been pasturing on. Before he will

be allowed to cut them he will first have to apply to the Ketchikan office for permission to cut them. This being granted he will cut the piles and then before he can tow them over and put them to work, he must wait until a representative of the department comes to scale them, which may take from a week to six months, and during the interval his wharf may go down, and all on account of the needless departmental red tape. There is no doubt but that the government intended the reserves for the good of people, but the rulings of those in authority who are not conversant with conditions, have brought matters to such an extreme that the reserve as administered is a curse and is killing the logging and milling industries of the district.

Samples of ore from the West Coast show that there is ore in this country and tributary to Wrangell that will yet make the whole world sit up and take notice. A good dividend paying mining property will do more to advertise a district than everything else combined, and these samples look as though the mine from which they came had the goods.

It was a pity that the rain last Friday stopped the cleaning up movement and it is to be hoped that the intention will not be forgotten when the weather clears up again.

Let's get together and prepare for a 4th of July celebration of which we may feel proud. All it needs is a very little money, and a whole lot of hustling.

The steamer Dora reports that on her last voyage there was then close to 200 miles of ice between Alaska and Nushagak, and that there were at least forty vessels following the ice pack and waiting for

an opportunity to enter Nushagak. The majority of them are cannery boats.

Subscribing for the Sentinel.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a caucus meeting will be held in the Patenaude building, Wrangell, Alaska, on June 3rd, 1909, at the hour of 8 o'clock p. m. The object for calling this meeting is for the purpose of nominating candidates to fill vacancy on the council and Director of the Wrangell School Board.

By an order made by the Common Council of Wrangell, Alaska, this 28th day of May, 1909.

J. G. Grant.

President of the Council and ex-officio Mayor of Wrangell, Pro tem.

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that a SPECIAL ELECTION

will be held on Monday, June 7th, 1909; said election to be held in council chamber, Patenaude building, Wrangell, Alaska, and is for the purpose of electing one member of the common council, to serve for the period of one year. Also the election of one member of the Wrangell School Board (a Director) to serve for the period of three years.

Polls open from 9 a. m., to 7 p. m.

By an order made by the Common Council this 28th day of May, 1909.

J. E. WORDEN

Town Clerk.

Notice of Final Settlement

In the United States Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska, in Probate.

In the matter of the estate of M. R. Rosenthal, Deceased.

All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified that Monday, July 12th, 1909, and the Court Room at Wrangell, Alaska, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., has been set as the time and place for final hearing and settlement of all accounts and matters pertaining to said estate, and to then and there appear and show cause, if any they have, why said estate should not be finally settled and Administrator discharged.

Dated this 4th day of May, 1909.

A. V. R. SNYDER
United States Commissioner and ex-officio Probate Judge.

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Imp. O. R. M.

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A. V. R. Snyder, C. of R.

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SMOKERS' ARTICLES

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL

Ganderbone's Forecast For June

The wedd'g march will fill the land
And the quail will get to pipin',
The Muse will rouse the village band
And Patten's wheat will ripen.
The old self-binder will come out
And sing a few sweet stanzas,
And the college graduate will shout
And hit the trail for Kansas.

Come out with us at harvest time, when the sickle sings at mowing, when the rose is blooming in the field, and the breath of June is blowing, when the golden harvest ebbs and flows in undulating billows, and the water boy is fast asleep, down where the grass is green and deep, beneath the shady willows.

There's nothing like it anywhere upon the earth or over, the air is fresh and fragrant with the sweet breath of the clover, the birds are singing operas, and the poultry is a sunning, and the old familiar dinner bell sets everybody running. There may be men in Marathons that run a mile a minute, but it's a question if St. Yves or Longboat would be in it, if he were working in a field, though many times a winner, and a bunch of twenty harvest hands knocked off to go to dinner.

The meadow lark will chirp and sing, and the bumble-bee will bumble, the colt will do a Highland fling, and the tumble bug will tumble, the calf will buck and jump for joy of simply being loose, the droll grasshoppers sit around and spit tobacco juice, the luckless tramp resumes his march and the bulldogs chase and bite him, and horsefly irritates the mule, and so ad infinitum.

Well, anyway, even if the rain is wet and uncomfortable, it keeps the water barrels full, and that saves us from having to "pack" the wet.

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SHELLS EJECT BELOW THROUGH ONLY ONE OPENING IN FRAME
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Fine Ride Despite The Rain

Mr. and Mrs. F. Matheson were host and hostess of a very pleasant canoe party on board the Big Chief Sunday. About seven-thirty the start was made from the float, and in just seventeen minutes the big canoe passed under the bows of the Star of England at the cannery. From there she was headed for the mouth of the river and "scooted" along in fine shape. Point Rothjays was reached, with it the river current, swollen to tremendous proportions by the unusually high water, and the crowd given a chance to see what the canoe could do in swift water. The results of the experiment were satisfactory in every respect, and there is no question but that the Big Chief can negotiate almost anything that a river steamer can. A little over three hours after leaving town Andrew's place was reached, and a stop made for lunch. After lunch the canoe was headed up river until Popoff glacier was reached, when the rain compelled the curtailing of the trip, much to the disappointment of the crowd.

The run down the river was made in less than an hour, the canoe simply flying past the banks, and the rest of the trip home was made in good time, so that the float was reached before five o'clock.

And so it was that the faith of those instrumental in the remodeling of the canoe was vindicated for the boat certainly "delivers the goods." She is fast and seaworthy and should be a money maker during the 'tween steamer periods.

Those enjoying the trip were, Mr. and Mrs. F. Matheson, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gartley, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Cheney, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bushell, Jr., Miss Bronson, Miss Pierson, Miss Butler, Miss Katherine Bronson, Messrs. Leo McCormack, Walter Dort, J. E. Worden, Clair Snyder, Charley Olsen and Foster Miles,

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Groceries, Confectionery, Fresh Fruit, Hardware, Paints and Oils, all Paper, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Men's and Boys' Clothing, Ladies' and Misses' wear, Furnishings Skirts, Corsets, Dry Goods, Etc.

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CITY CENTER OF WAR SINCE YEAR 667 B.C.

Constantinople Prize in Combats of Nations for Over Two Centuries.

LONG IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

Mohammedanism and Christianity of Late Contesting for Control of Ottoman Capital.

Since its first colonization, 2,575 years ago, if ancient dates may be trusted, the city at the southern end of the channel between the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, first known as Byzantium and for the last 1,500 years called Constantinople, has been a center of conflict between the East and the West—between Asiatic and European ideas. The present conflict is nothing different in this respect from the most ancient—it is the antagonism between Asiatic Mohammedanism and European free thought and free action, as represented in the young Turk element that has caused the downfall of Abdul Hamid.

Byzantium was settled, it is recorded, by Greek traders, in the year 667 B.C. Two natural causes made it early prominent as a trading point—it was an economic center for the grain trade of the regions bordering on the Black Sea, and the Golden Horn gave rich rewards to the seaman besides offering a large and safe harbor for vessels.

Center of Many Wars.

Byzantium was the subject of struggles between the early Greek states; it was captured and recaptured many times, and finally became a tributary to imperial Rome. The remains of the ancient city have never been adequately explored; there are miles of tunnels, ancient streets and fragments of buildings buried under the modern Constantinople, which is virtually a city upon the grave of another.

In the year 330 A.D. the Emperor Constantine determined to make a new capital for the Roman Empire. He selected for this purpose Byzantium, which henceforth was to be known as Constantinople—the City of Constantine. The modern Constantinople consists of three parts—Istanbul or Stamboul, the main city, on a blunt point of land at the southern end of the Bosphorus, and opposite Istanbul two lesser towns, Galata, to the north across the Golden Horn, and Scutari, to the east across the Bosphorus. The Bosphorus is here about a mile wide; the Golden Horn, an inlet or harbor some eight miles long, is from one-third to one-half mile wide. Galata is



SULTAN ABDUL HAMID.



TURKISH SOLDIERS.

its seat at Constantinople kept alive, as is evident from the young Turk movement—unless this movement after all should prove only an attempt to substitute one despotism for another. Nothing certain can be said about the Turk's apparent desire for progress.

Mosque a Famous Spot.

Learning centered at Constantinople as at Rome, and the antagonism between Rome and Constantinople led to the assaulting of the eastern city by the crusaders, who captured it in 1204. For fifty-seven years the crusaders held sway; then, in 1261, they abandoned the city and it returned to its old position as the center of the eastern church until the followers of Mohammed came, in the memorable siege that ended in planting on the dome of St. Sophia the crescent in place of the cross in 1453.

The Turk won and the Turk kept. When all is said that can be said against Mohammedanism it must be admitted that it made unsurpassed fighters in the days when swords rather than gunpowder determined the issue of battles. By his religion the Turk is cleanly, temperate, a total abstainer from alcohol, and a fatalist. When his time has come to die, and not before, he will die, according to the Koran. Since the invention and use of gunpowder he has not been so successful as a soldier; he lacks the discipline and the long range courage that go with modern warfare. But in the early days he was a conqueror wherever he went.

Made Great by Mohammed.

Starting from a point nearly in the geographical center of Asia, the Turks became subject to the Saracens, those wild Arabs that invaded Spain and have left many scattered fragments of their genius in the science and the art of modern Europe. The Arabs developed a religious organizer of the first rank in the history of the world, Mohammed. In the sixty-one years of his life that ended in 632 this wonderful man laid the foundations of a great empire. The Turks embraced Mohammedanism and Mohammedanism made them a world power. It pressed them forward to conquest after conquest.

Under Mohammedan rule Constantinople became a semi-oriental city. The Christian churches were transformed into mosques; the streets and buildings took on an appearance of Asia rather than Europe; the local as well as the general government became suspicious, suspicious, intrigue and despotism. These conditions have continued with little change down to the present day. But the desire for

change is strong, as is evident from the young Turk movement—unless this movement after all should prove only an attempt to substitute one despotism for another. Nothing certain can be said about the Turk's apparent desire for progress.

Where the Trouble Was.

"Some mis'bul sinner took an' runned off wid de collection hat last meetin' day," said Brother Dickey, "an' I well knows dat ef dar was no sich place ez hell de good Lawd would make one for dat sinner."

"Was there much money in the hat?"

"No, suh; day warn't so much ez a brass button in it."

"Then why are you so mad about it?"

"Hit wuz my hat," he said.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Joker's Wife.

"Your husband seems to have a never-ending source of fun."

"Yes," replied the joker's wife, sarcastically; "it appears to be my cooking."—Detroit Free Press.

Don't ever expect an answer to the question: "Whatever did you do with your money?" It is a question that no one can answer.

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"Having taken your wonderful Cascarets" for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to Cascarets for their wonderful composition. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail, and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken wouldn't a year." James McGuire, 108 Mercer St., Jersey City, N.J.

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Thus Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula, eczema, anemia, catarrh, nervousness, that tired feeling, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, and builds up the system. Get it today in the usual liquid form or in chocolate tablet form called Sarsatabs.

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S. N. U. No. 22-1909

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NOTED PERSONS TAKEN

Death Has a Recent Harvest of Four People of International Prominence.

EACH WAS GREAT IN HIS LINE

Modjeska, Crawford, Hitchcock and Swinburne Had Carved Their Names in Halls of Fame.

An actress, a statesman, a novelist and a poet, each standing in the foremost ranks of those in his particular line, have been called from the various scenes of their brilliant earthly careers within a short period recently. Each was known and admired internationally and their deaths, all within three days, deprive the world of further great works which it had every right to expect from such fruitful lives.

A Great Tragedienne.

The death of Helena Modjeska closes the career of one of the most remarkable women ever seen on an American stage. As a tragedienne none of her



contemporaries was her superior, and but few if any her equal. Her life was a romantic one. She was first married to Gustav Modzejewski, by whom she had one son, Ralph. Her second marriage was with Count Bozena in 1868. The count was exiled from Poland. In 1876, for his political writings and his wife was forbidden to appear on the Polish stage. The couple came to this country and were naturalized, the count taking as her stage name a modified form of the name of her first husband. Her debut in this country was made in San Francisco in 1877.

In happy contradiction of the fate of many great artists she did not die poor. She earned during her stage career a million dollars, but gave to charity with an open hand. She founded an industrial school for girls in Cracow, Poland, and her generosity accounted for the disposal of the larger part of her earnings. She left an estate amounting to about \$120,000.

In spite of the decree of exile pronounced against her husband, and despite the decree, issued after she had delivered an address at the World's Fair in Chicago on Russian-Polish politics, barring her from all Russian possessions, it is her husband's intention to take the body back to her native town of Cracow for burial.

An American Statesman.

The death of Ethan Allen Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, removed a statesman whose record for honesty and whose high sense of duty were recognized by his country. Mr. Hitchcock was the grandson of General



Ethan Allen of the Revolution. His death came April 9 at the age of 74. In 1897 he was appointed by President McKinley as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Russia, and the following year the post was raised to an embassy. In 1898 he was called home to become Secretary of the Interior, a place which he kept under

President Roosevelt. He served until March 4, 1907, when he resigned to return to private life.

Secretary Hitchcock was a foe to land frauds and the most prominent of his reforms was the determined effort



F. MARION CRAWFORD.

to put an end to such frauds on the Federal domain. He prosecuted many wealthy land grabbers among whom were men well known in public life and private business.

A Famous Novelist.

The great American novelist, F. Marion Crawford, one of the most prolific our country has produced, breathed his last at his home at Sorrento, on the Bay of Naples, the evening of the same day as Mr. Hitchcock. Mr. Crawford had a training that gave him not only the secrets of language and literature, but an intimate knowledge of many peoples and of many lands. His father was Thomas Crawford, the noted sculptor whose "Liberty" is on top of the Capitol at Washington. His mother was a sister of Julia Ward Howe and of Sam Ward, the author. Young Crawford spent much of his life in Italy, where he was born, returning time and again after his wanderings over the earth, and there he finally married and made his home. He attended St. Paul's at Concord, N. H., and later entered Trinity College, Cambridge, still later going to Heidelberg. He made a deep study of many languages through his travels.

Though he spent most of his years after marriage in Italy, he made several visits to this country. His chief recreation was yachting and he held a



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

professional master's certificate from the Association of American Ship Masters and from the United States Marine Board. He wrote an astounding number of novels, having produced one every year from the time he wrote the first in 1881, and sometimes three in twelve months. He wrote only one play, which was produced by Sarah Bernhardt in Paris.

English Man of Letters.

England's great poet and essayist, Algernon Charles Swinburne, died at the age of 72, at his home in Putney. One of the greatest poets of the Victorian period, all England expected Tennyson's mantle of poet laureate to fall upon his shoulders. But Swinburne was strong in his likes and dislikes and some of his works were tinged with his animosity against kings and priests. He created a style of his own and cared little for criticism. He was early inspired by Shakespeare and later became a devout worshiper of Browning. Upon leaving Oxford he spent some time in travel. He contributed a wealth of impassioned poetry to the English language and in addition was a keen critic. His strong personality has left an indelible mark upon literature.

Cruel Suspicion.

Bliggins is a great reader. He invariably buys a newspaper before getting on a street car."

"I have noticed the paper," answered Miss Cayenne. "But I am not so sure he reads it. Maybe he holds it up because he's too polite to see a lady standing."—Washington Star.

Don't kick a man to-day because he is down. You may be down to-morrow.

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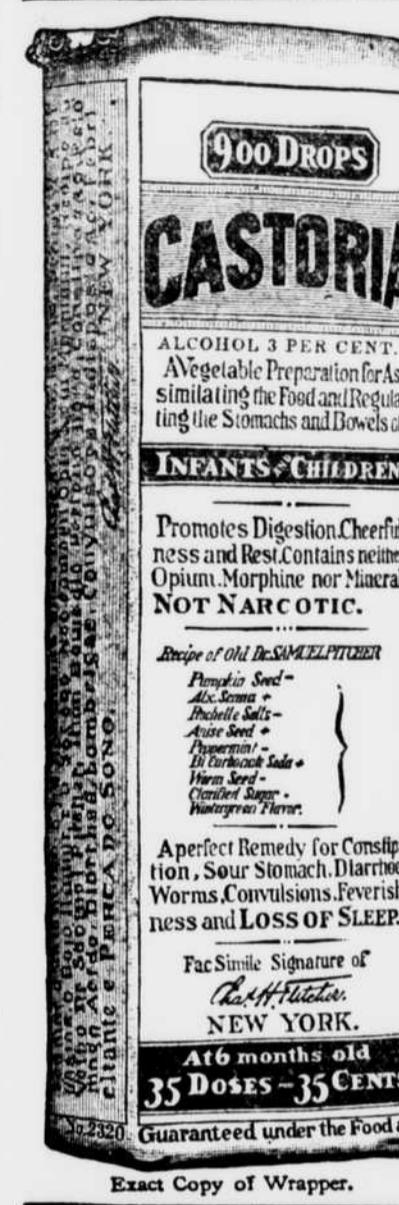
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Metropole Cafe

Paddy Dixon and Nick Kush,
natives, drew a prize of five days
each with board and lodging free,
bright and early Monday morning
for tanking up and then telling everybody
about it Saturday night.

Mrs. Leo Patenaude pleasantly
entertained a number of her lady
friends at whist, Wednesday afternoon.

The Humboldt has been held up
in Seattle for a couple of days and
will not sail from that place until
tomorrow, Friday, night.

I. Frohman, of the Frohman
Trading Co., will be a passenger
south on the Seattle.

J. J. Daly, of Ketchikan, manager
in Southeastern Alaska for the
Frye-Bruhn interests, was a Wrangell
visitor while the Dolphin was
in port Monday. Mr. Daly was
considerably interested in local re-
alty during boating days, having been
a passenger to this place on that fa-
mous trip of the Rosalie.

The Misses Pierson and Butler,
who have so satisfactorily conducted
Wrangell's schools for the past year,
were south bound passengers
on Monday afternoon's boat. Both
ladies have made a great many
friends while here, who regret to
see them go.

See Patenaude for the very lat-
est schemes in fishing tackle.
Hooks, leaders, lines, poles, bas-
kets, etc.

Mrs. Carlson and Miss Pauline
Snyder have opened ice cream par-
lours at the Carlson residence.

Memorial Day Exercises

The bad weather of Monday was
no doubt responsible for the meager
attendance at the Memorial Day
exercises at Redmen's Hall on that
day. The program as printed in
last week's Sentinel was given with
but one or two minor changes occa-
sioned by the inclemency of
the weather, demonstrating that
though far away from the central
national head, here in Alaska beat
hearts as loyal and true as the
Union possesses anywhere.

The prettiest feature of the pro-
gram was the excellent song of the
school children, while Leonard
Campbell's rendition of Lincoln's
immortal words at Gettysburg
touched a responsive chord in the
breasts of his hearers.

During his oration Judge Snyder
went somewhat fully into the origin
and aims of the G. A. R., of which
he said in part:

"It is, first, to preserve and
strengthen those kind and fraternal
feelings which bind together
the soldiers, sailors and marines
who united to suppress the rebellion
and to perpetuate the history
and memory of the dead. Second,
To assist such former comrades-in-
arms as need help and protection,
and to extend needful aid to the
widows and orphans of those who
have fallen. Third, To maintain
true allegiance to the United States
of America, based upon a para-
mount respect for and fidelity to
the National Constitution and
Laws, and to encourage the spread
of universal liberty, equal rights
and justice to all men."

Based upon these principles and
objects, is it any wonder that this
Nation of Americans revere the
day set apart to keep alive the
spirit of patriotism, to teach res-
pect for the flag and love of country?

After the services at the hall the
Zarembo took a capacity crowd to
the cemetery where the final cere-
monies of the day were held.

C. W. Dammort of Shakan, who
with his wife and family has been
a Wrangell visitor for the last two
weeks, left for home on the Ferry,
yesterday.

Miss Pusey, the teacher at the
native school, left on the Hum-
boldt for the States where she goes
to spend her vacation.

School Year Ends

Wrangell kids, big and little,
gave a sigh of relief Friday after-
noon, when time for dismissal of
school came, and the year was end-
ed. The total enrollment for the
year was 73, of which 31 were en-
rolled in the advance grades under
Miss Pietson, and 42 in the lower
department under Miss Butler.
The work of the year in general
has been good, and the discipline
maintained, excellent. The names
of but two pupils, Amanda Hoig-
him and Foster Miles, appear on
the roll of honor of those who dur-
ing the entire year were neither ab-
sent or tardy.

Wanted--A Jonah Detector

There's a Jonah somewhere in
town, and several of the local
would-be fishermen are willing to
dig up a dollar and six bits to have
him discovered. The Sentinel
told last week of that historic trip
to Duncan Canal, well the trip this
time was worse. The crowd, we
will refrain from mentioning names,
climbed on board the Big Chief this
time and started to explore some
uncharted creek up the river. All
went well until the big canoe reached
the Garnet ledge, where Jim
Verett was taken on board as deck
hand and dish washer. Hardly a
hundred yards was gotten beyond
this point, when the engine went
out of business, the boxing in the
rear cylinder had melted out, and
there they were at the mercy of
wind and waves, or confronted by
the awful alternative of waiting
until the tide went out far enough,
and then walking home again. But
fate was kind to them, and they
secured a tow home.

Mayor McCormack was a pas-
senger south on the Humboldt to
Seattle, whither he goes to attend
the formal opening of the A.-Y.-P.
Exposition. While on the Sound
he will, of course visit his old home
town, Bellingham.

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